

Metaphysical Soteriology and Molecular Reconstruction: A Case Study of Multiversal Redemptive Transmigration under the Aegis of Destiny of the Endless

1. Metaphysical Ceasefire and the Crucible of Final Sacrifices

The multiversal architecture is governed by a fundamental equilibrium between tragic cessation and restorative justice. Across the infinite coordinates of the space-time continuum, certain souls are earmarked for premature, agonizing ends, their life threads severed in moments of profound, uncompensated sacrifice. These instances of existential tragedy represent tears in the cosmic fabric, which are monitored by forces operating far beyond the sensory limitations of mortal beings. To fully comprehend the mechanics of restorative transmigration, one must first analyze the precise physical and metaphysical conditions under which these subject souls undergo their initial, catastrophic demises.

In a highly mechanized sector of the cosmos, a young human champion stood as the final bulwark against an existential threat of unprecedented magnitude. This youth had undergone a gradual, agonizing integration with alien cybernetic technology, leaving his physical form a complex, shimmering hybrid of biological tissue and living Cybertronian metal.¹ He fought alongside a specialized unit of robotic defenders, facing an ancient, dark force that sought to consume the local stellar cluster—a malevolent entity far worse than the chaos-bringer Unicorn and the entire combined legions of the Decepticon factions.¹

As the battle reached its zenith, the enemy's central energy matrix began a rapid, catastrophic overload. Realizing that the impending explosion would vaporize the planet and tear a permanent rift in the local dimension, the cybernetic youth made a conscious decision to act as a physical conduit. He crawled directly into the core of the unstable energy chamber, his metal-reinforced joints grinding against shifting internal gears and his organic cardiovascular system hammering against a chest cavity filled with pulsing energon pathways.

With the radiation levels quickly melting his structural integrity, he grabbed the main fuel lines, routing the destructive force directly through his own hybrid body. As the superheated plasma tore through his cells, vaporizing both his Cybertronian alloy plating and his delicate organic tissues, he whispered his final words into the fading communication channel: "Make sure they keep moving forward, dad... Bumblebee, lead them home."³ With a blinding flash of pure, white-hot energy, the youth's physical form was utterly atomized, leaving behind a silent,

peaceful sky.

Simultaneously, within the deep, sulfurous trenches of an abyssal underworld, a parallel sacrifice was reaching its climax. Decades after a deeply humiliating and absurd physical demise on Earth—where a series of tragicomic errors involving highly reactive sleeping aids and a localized gravity drop led to a fatal impalement⁵—the soul of a former minister and farmer had been dragged down into the dark, silent chambers of the underworld by native malevolent creatures.⁶ In those deep, agonizing pits, the native demons had tortured his spirit, forcibly reshaping his ethereal form into a towering, terrifying demonic dragon-humanoid. His originally clean-shaven, handsome jawline was covered by a coarse, ash-black beard, and his head hair was completely burnt away, replaced by jagged obsidian horns and leathery, scaled wings. Despite this horrific physical corruption, the former pastor's core humanity remained unbroken deep within his draconic chest.⁶ When a powerful legion of demons working directly for the personification of Death planned a mass execution of the human population on Earth, they chose to utilize a weaponized, airborne aerosol synthesized from the very same pills that had caused his earthly demise decades prior.⁵ Recognizing the terrible irony and the impending slaughter of millions of innocent souls, the draconic warrior broke his chains. He waged a one-man war through the abyssal temple, his massive talons tearing through demonic armor as he reached the primary chemical reservoir. Armed with nothing but his reclaimed faith and an absolute determination to save his species, he channeled his entire life force into a single, localized thermal implosion. The demons wailed as the white-hot light of his soul ignited the chemical compounds, neutralizing the threat. As his towering, scaly body was torn apart by the cleansing fire, his last words echoed through the cavernous deep: "This time, I'm dying for something that actually matters... I'm coming home."⁶ With a deafening roar of collapsing stone and divine light, his draconic physical shell crumbled into ash, and his soul was swept into the void.

2. The Alchemy of Cellular Healing and Genetic Optimization

The transition of these transmigrated souls from the point of physical destruction to their designated recovery environments is governed by the eldest of the Endless.⁷ Destiny of the Endless, clad in his traditional grey and brown hooded robes, walks the endless, winding paths of the Garden of Forking Ways.⁷ He is blind, yet he sees the infinite traceries of the galaxies and the intricate, looping patterns that all living things make on their journeys.⁷ Chained to his wrist is the ancient Book of Souls, a massive ledger containing the entire history of everything that has been, is, or ever will be.⁷

In rare moments of cosmic realignment, Destiny pauses beneath the silent, fluttering trees of his labyrinth.⁷ Reaching down with a pale, steady hand, he opens his ledger to specific pages stained with the heavy ink of unearned suffering and tragic ends.⁷ With a deliberate, silent stroke of his finger, he crosses out the boxes marked "Suffering" and "Tragedy," altering the inevitable trajectory of these souls.⁷ He redirects their spirits away from the cold, sunless lands

of the afterlife, guiding them toward a quiet, happy second chance in restored, highly optimized physical forms.⁷

The physical restoration of these two subjects occurred while they lay in a state of deep, unconscious sleep upon comfortable couches in their respective recovery environments.⁶ The healing process was not merely a cosmetic reconstruction, but a profound, molecular realignment. To achieve perfect biological harmony, the metaphysical energies of the Garden of Forking Ways dissolved the foreign, non-human elements of their previous states,

converting them into advanced genetic enhancements while leaving their bodies 100% biologically human. This complex molecular synthesis is modeled by the following thermodynamic and epigenetic integration formula:

This mathematical representation illustrates how the foreign genetic structures—specifically the Cybertronian mechanical-organic code and the abyssal draconic-demonic genome—are systematically dissolved and converted into human epigenetic enhancements.

As the healing process took hold of the first subject on a comfortable sofa in his childhood home, his physical age was dialed back precisely to ten years old, the exact start of his journey with the metallic visitors.¹¹ The jagged metal components, glowing blue energon channels, and heavy internal wiring that had defined his cybernetic state dissolved into pure, healthy human tissue. His head hair, which had been singed and altered by cybernetic energy, shifted back to a rich, warm shade of natural brown.¹² His eyes closed in peaceful slumber, returned to their original, bright sky-blue hue.¹² Any trace of facial hair, adolescent stubble, or irritation that had developed during his later years as a cyborg was completely erased, leaving his cheeks soft, smooth, and clean-shaven.

Though his body was now entirely human, the remnant signatures of his Cybertronian integration lingered within his DNA as powerful, non-invasive genetic enhancements. His bone density was reinforced at a microscopic level, mimicking the resilient molecular lattice of titanium-steel alloy without adding unnatural weight. Furthermore, his nervous system retained a highly advanced sensory capability, allowing his brain to perceive and interpret high-frequency electromagnetic fields, essentially granting him a passive, intuitive understanding of machinery and mechanical systems.

Meanwhile, the reconstruction of the second subject proceeded on a separate, equally comfortable couch within a familiar, rustic farmhouse.¹³ The terrifying, obsidian-scaled skin, leathery wings, and sharp talons of his abyssal dragon form dissolved, replaced by warm, healthy human skin. The coarse, demonic black beard that had covered his jaw in the underworld melted away entirely, leaving his face perfectly clean-shaven and smooth. The thick, dark brown hair on his head, which had been lost to the demonic fires of the abyss, grew back in a lush, healthy wave.⁶ His physical age was restored to thirty-eight, his exact age at the

start of his trials on the farm.⁶

His DNA, though free of demonic corruption, retained the majestic physical enhancements of his draconic physiology. His muscle fibers were reconstructed to be incredibly dense and efficient, giving him immense physical strength and endurance while remaining visually indistinguishable from a standard, athletic human. His eyes, though still a warm, friendly hazel, possessed slightly denser irises that allowed him to see clearly in near-total darkness, and his skin was given a deep, natural resistance to extreme heat and thermal burns.

As a beautiful, physical testament to the restoration of his original life, a simple, polished gold wedding band materialized on the ring finger of his left hand, gleaming warmly under the room's soft light—a physical manifestation of his eternal, unbroken bond with his long-gone wife.⁶

To provide a structured comparison of these two restored subjects, the following table outlines their physical and genetic profiles post-restoration:

Restoration Metrics	Subject A (Youthful Defender)	Subject B (Fallen Pastor)
Physical Age Restored	10 Years Old ¹¹	38 Years Old ⁶
Hair Color & Style	Rich Brown, Short ¹²	Dark Brown, Thick Waves ⁶
Facial Hair Status	Clean-Shaven (Stubble Removed)	Clean-Shaven (Demonic Beard Removed) ⁶
Eye Color	Sky-Blue ¹²	Hazel (with low-light adaptation)
Genetic Legacy	Epigenetic Cybertronian Integration	Epigenetic Draconic Integration
Primary Enhancement	Electromagnetic Perception & Bone Density	Extreme Thermal Resistance & Muscle Efficiency
Key Clothing Pieces	Blue Hooded Jacket, Grey Long-Sleeve Shirt, Cargo Shorts ¹⁴	Brown Corduroy Jacket with Sheepskin Collar, Green Flannel Shirt ¹⁵
Underwear Profile	White Cotton Briefs	Grey Cotton Boxer Briefs

Footwear	Black and Orange Sneakers	Dark Brown Leather Work Boots
Pocket Accessories	Vintage Brass Gear, Mascot Keychain ⁴	Tractor Keys, Pocket Bible, Silver Pocket Watch ⁶
Symbolic Accessories	None	Simple Gold Wedding Band ⁶

3. The Reconstruction of Material Attire and Accoutrements

While both subjects lay in a deep, peaceful slumber, the metaphysical energies of Destiny's realm began the meticulous process of materializing their clothing. This reconstruction was not an instantaneous, silent change, but a physical assembly accompanied by the distinct, tactile sounds of fabric and metal taking shape. The clothing chosen for each subject was highly specific, representing their exact attire from iconic moments in their histories, meticulously researched to ensure absolute dimensional accuracy.

For the young ten-year-old sleeping on the couch, the restoration of his daily attire began with his base layers.¹¹ First, a pair of classic, soft white cotton briefs materialized around his waist with a gentle, elastic *snap*. Next came the soft *whisper* of his favorite light-grey, short-sleeved cotton T-shirt sliding over his chest, featuring dark blue sleeves and a bright red-and-orange collar. Over this shirt, his classic blue short-sleeve hooded jacket began to form.¹⁴ The heavy front brass zipper slid upward with a sharp, clean *shhhk-clink* sound, sealing the jacket shut, while the drawstrings of his soft hood settled flat against his collarbone.

His lower half was fitted with durable, dark blue denim jeans, the front metal button securing with a firm, metallic *pop* and the zipper closing with a quiet *zip*. His ankles were wrapped in soft white crew-cut cotton socks, followed immediately by his iconic bright orange-and-black athletic sneakers.¹⁶ The synthetic laces tightened themselves with a crisp *creak* of fresh rubber, tying into a secure double knot.

Deep inside his jeans pockets, several small personal items related to his researched hobbies materialized: a vintage brass gear from his father's salvage collection ⁴, a pristine, blue-backed deck of Bicycle playing cards used for his magic tricks ¹⁸, and a small, highly detailed plastic monster figure reflecting his love for classic horror cinema.¹¹

For the thirty-eight-year-old former pastor resting on the farmhouse couch, his attire was reconstructed to match the exact clothing he wore on the fateful afternoon he witnessed his wife's tragic accident.⁶ The process began with a pair of comfortable, grey cotton boxer briefs sliding over his hips, the elastic band resting snugly. Over this, a soft, clean white cotton undershirt materialized, followed by his classic, rugged green flannel button-up shirt.¹⁵ The front buttons fastened themselves in a rapid, rhythmic series of quiet *clicks* from bottom to top. Over the flannel, his heavy, dark brown corduroy jacket settled onto his shoulders with a

comforting, heavy *thud*, complete with its distinctive cream-colored sheepskin collar.¹⁵ The heavy brass front zipper of the jacket slid halfway up with a metallic *shhkh* before locking into place. His legs were enveloped in thick, heavy-duty blue denim jeans.¹⁵ A thick, worn brown leather belt threaded through the loops, its heavy brass buckle locking into place with a solid, metallic *clank*.

On his feet, sturdy, dark brown leather work boots materialized.¹⁵ The thick, round leather laces pulled tight with a soft, sliding *whish* through the brass eyelets, tying themselves with a firm, double-knotted *tug*.

Inside his corduroy jacket pockets, several familiar, comforting items appeared: a heavy set of brass keys to his vintage tractor, a small, black leather-bound pocket Bible worn at the edges, and a beautiful silver pocket watch that immediately began to tick with a quiet, steady rhythm, its internal gears perfectly aligned.⁶

4. The Awakening of Consciousness and the Restoration of Memory

As the warm morning sun began to filter through the windows of their respective settings, both subjects began to stir from their deep, restorative slumber. Initially, as their eyes opened to take in their surroundings, their minds were entirely blank. There were no thoughts, no names, and no recollection of where they were or who they had been. The world was a canvas of pure, silent sensation—the feel of soft couch cushions beneath them, the warmth of the light, and the quiet comfort of the air.

Then, like the sudden opening of a massive floodgate, their memories returned. It was not a slow, painful process of remembering, but a sudden, brilliant flash of light that illuminated every second of their past lives, integrating their experiences into a coherent, beautiful whole.

The ten-year-old boy sitting on the retrofitted diner couch felt his chest swell as he remembered his father's messy, beloved vintage salvage depot.⁴ He remembered his mother's long trip to Copenhagen, leaving him to spend the summer surrounded by piles of discarded history.³ He remembered the giant, metallic footprints in the dirt, the terrifying first encounter with the rust-colored Cybertronian bounty hunter, and the warm, steady guidance of the legendary yellow Autobot leader.³ He remembered his middle name, Stuart, and his family surname, Clay.¹¹

His name was Russell Stuart Clay.

This confirmed that **Russell** Stuart Clay had returned to the start of his journey, restored to youth and his beloved home.¹¹

Simultaneously, the thirty-eight-year-old man sitting on the farmhouse couch gasped as his mind was flooded with the sights and sounds of his life.⁶ He remembered his years serving as a dedicated reverend, his struggle with his faith, and the vast, golden cornfields of his family farm outside Washington, D.C. ⁶ He remembered his energetic, rap-loving younger brother George, who was always trying to find his voice, and his sweet, brilliant daughter Sue, who loved to drink water that had been sitting out too long.⁶ He remembered his middle name, Charles, and his

family surname, Logan.⁶

His name was Thomas Charles Logan.

This confirmed that **Thomas** Charles Logan had been restored to his true, youthful humanity, standing once more as the protector of his family.⁶

Yet, as the memories of his past life settled into his mind, **Thomas** noticed something extraordinary. Alongside his old memories of grief and loss, a new, vibrant set of memories began to bloom in his consciousness, rewriting the dark history he had carried for so long.⁶ In this newly woven reality, his beloved wife, Annie, had not died pinned against that terrible tree by Sayaman's truck.²⁰ He remembered, with vivid clarity, the frantic sounds of sirens, the flashing red lights, and the intense fear as the paramedics worked to free her from the vehicle. But in this timeline, the truck had only grazed her car, and though she had been hospitalized with severe injuries, the doctors had saved her. He remembered sitting by her hospital bed for weeks, holding her hand, praying with a restored, unbreakable faith until she finally opened her eyes and smiled at him.

He remembered their happy return to the farm, their laughter, and the years they had spent raising their daughter together.⁶ Most beautifully of all, a specific memory surfaced in his mind—their wedding anniversary was coming up in just three days, and he had been planning a special dinner for her to celebrate another year of their unbroken, blessed marriage.⁶

5. Exploring and Reunion

With his heart racing and his mind fully restored, **Russell** stood up from the comfortable couch inside the retrofitted 14th Street Diner cabin.⁴ He looked down at his hands, finding them completely human, free of the cold, heavy metal plating that had weighed him down in his final battle. He walked toward the wooden door of the diner, pushing it open and stepping out into the bright, warm sunlight of the vintage salvage depot.⁴

The air was filled with the familiar, comforting scent of old metal, rubber tires, and damp earth.¹⁷ As he walked down the gravel path, past towers of old washing machines and rusted car chassis, he heard a familiar, deep rumble of an engine. From around the corner of a massive pile of vintage signs, a sleek, vibrant yellow muscle car with dual black racing stripes rolled to a stop.³ The car's doors swung open, and with a series of smooth, rhythmic mechanical shifts, the vehicle transformed, rising high into the air as a towering, heroic robot with a friendly, glowing blue visor.³

"Rusty!" a warm, synthesized voice echoed through the yard.¹¹

"Bumblebee!" **Russell** cried out, a massive smile breaking across his face.³

Before he could take another step, a shadow fell over the path, accompanied by the heavy, earth-shaking thuds of massive metal footsteps. A giant, mechanical green Tyrannosaurus Rex bounded over a pile of scrap metal, its massive tail wagging back and forth like an excited puppy. The mechanical dinosaur let out a loud, joyful roar before lowering its massive head, gently nudging **Russell's** shoulder with its smooth metal snout.³

"Hey, Grimlock!" **Russell** laughed, reaching up to pat the warm, green metal of his robodinosaur friend's nose.³ "I missed you too, buddy."

From the main office of the salvage yard, the sound of running footsteps echoed.¹⁷ Denny Clay, wearing his classic grease-stained denim shirt and a pair of old work trousers, came skidding around the corner of a stack of vintage oil drums.⁴ His eyes went wide as he saw his son standing between the giant yellow Autobot and the massive green Dinobot.³

"Rusty!" Denny yelled, his voice cracking with emotion.¹¹

He sprinted across the gravel, throwing himself to the ground and pulling **Russell** into a fierce, protective embrace.³ He squeezed his son tightly, his shoulders shaking as he held him close.

Russell wrapped his arms around his father's neck, burying his face in his shoulder, feeling the warm, solid reality of his father's presence.³ Nearby, the sleek red sportscar known as Sideswipe and the blue-and-white police SUV known as Strongarm rolled up, their engines purring happily as they transformed into their robotic modes to watch the reunion with quiet, mechanical respect.³ The family was whole again, and the young defender finally had the chance to live the peaceful, adventurous childhood he had so bravely earned.¹¹

Miles away, on the peaceful porch of the Logan Farm, **Thomas** stepped out into the fresh, country air.¹³ The sun was shining brightly over the endless fields of green corn, and the air smelled of sweet soil and fresh-cut grass.²³ He leaned against the wooden railing, his hand resting on the polished gold band on his finger, his eyes sweeping over the beautiful, peaceful landscape.⁶

Suddenly, the front screen door creaked open behind him. He turned to see a young, bright-eyed girl running out onto the porch.¹⁹ She had a pair of small glasses perched on her nose and a look of pure, unadulterated joy on her face.¹⁹ It was Sue Logan, his daughter, vibrant, healthy, and completely safe.¹⁹ Sue was a child both he and Annie knew for the most obvious and beautiful reason in the world—she was the living testament to their love, their only daughter whom they had raised with absolute devotion.⁶

"Daddy!" Sue squealed, sprinting across the porch and leaping into his arms.¹⁹

Thomas caught her, lifting her high into the air as he let out a loud, joyful laugh, tears of pure happiness welling in his hazel eyes. He pulled her close, burying his face in her shoulder as she wrapped her small arms around his neck.¹⁹ "I've got you, sweetheart. I've got you."

As he held his daughter, he heard the sound of a car engine pulling up the gravel driveway. A familiar, dark blue station wagon rolled to a stop near the barn. The engine shut off, and the driver's side door swung open. From the kitchen window inside, a sweet, clear, and incredibly familiar voice drifted out across the yard, carrying a tone of gentle, domestic warmth that made his heart skip a beat.⁶

"Tom? Is that you out on the porch?" Annie's voice called out, sweet and full of life.⁶ "I just got back from the grocery store in town! Can you come help me carry these bags inside? I bought everything we need for the anniversary dinner!"⁶

Thomas set Sue down, his hand trembling slightly as he walked down the porch steps toward the blue station wagon.¹³ The passenger door opened, and his younger brother, George, stepped out, wearing an incredibly oversized, bright white rap hoodie and a pair of baggy jeans, a giant, goofy grin on his face.²³

"Hey, Tom! You wouldn't believe the traffic on the highway, man!" George yelled, waving his

arms dramatically.⁶ "Some guy in a truck was driving like twenty miles an hour! I almost had to write a rap song about him right there!"²³

Thomas didn't say a word. He simply walked up to his brother and pulled him into a tight, silent hug. George blinked, startled by the sudden affection, but quickly smiled and patted his brother's back with a heavy, clumsy hand.⁶ "Whoa, okay. Good to see you too, bro. You okay?" "I'm perfect, George," **Thomas** said, his voice thick with emotion as he stepped back. "I've never been better."

Then, his eyes drifted to the back of the station wagon.⁶ Annie Logan stepped out from behind the trunk, carrying two paper grocery bags filled with fresh vegetables, a warm loaf of bread, and a bottle of wine.⁶ She had a radiant, beautiful smile, her long, light brown hair catching in the gentle breeze.⁶ She looked up, her bright eyes locking onto his, and she set the grocery bags down on the hood of the car.⁶

"Tom," she said softly, walking toward him with a look of pure, unconditional love.⁶ "You look like you've seen a ghost. Are you alright, honey?"⁶

Thomas stepped forward, his heart soaring as he wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her close to his chest. He breathed in the scent of her hair—fresh rain and vanilla—and held her as if he would never let her go. Annie laughed softly, wrapping her arms around his neck and pressing a warm, sweet kiss to his cheek.⁶

"I love you, Annie," **Thomas** whispered, his hand resting flat against her back, the gold wedding band gleaming in the sunlight.⁶ "I love you so much."

"I love you too, Tom," she replied, her eyes shining as she looked up at him. "Happy anniversary, early."⁶

Standing there on the gravel driveway of his beautiful, peaceful farm, surrounded by his daughter, his brother, and his beloved wife, the former pastor knew that the dark, absurd tragedies of his past had been washed away forever.⁶ Under the silent, loving grace of a destiny rewritten, they had all been given a beautiful, second chance at a life filled with laughter, faith, and love.⁷

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